

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Vppon my sword.

Mar. We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeede vppon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there trupenny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
Consent to sweare.

Hor. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene
Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Hic, & vbiq, then weele shift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Sweare by my sword

Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well sayd olde Mole, can'st worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner, once more remouue good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your philosophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,

(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meer,
To put an Anticke disposition on

That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing off some doubtfull phrase,

As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)

That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you,

Prince of

And what so poore a man as Hamlet
May doe't expresse his loue and
God willing shall not lack, let vs
And still your fingers on your lips
The time is out of ioynt. O curse
That euer I was borne to set it
Nay come, lets goe together.

Enter old Polonius.

Pol. Giue him this money, and

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe meruiles vnto
Before you visite him, to make in
Of his behauiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it

Pol. Mary well said, very well
Enquire me first what Danskers
And how, and who, what meanes
What companie, at what expence
By this encompassment, and drift
That they doe know my sonne,
Then your perticuler demaunds
Take you as t'were some distant
As thus, I know his father, and
And in part him, doe you mark

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you
But y't be he I meane, hee's very
Adiusted so and so, and there put
What forgeries you please, marry
As may dishonour him, take heed
But fir, such wanton, wild, and
As are companions noted and not
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, sw
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour

Pol. Fayth as you may season